

lit a fire and burned it up.

He is the best friend the widows and orphans ever had. They are turning over a million dollars a week to him now, and the ink with which he wrote out the name of depositor No. 1 is hardly dry.

He has opened 12,000 banks and the total deposits to date are almost \$50,000,000. All of which means that Teddy Weed, in spite of his little mustache and less than two score years, has inspired more confidence than the old-time bankers with their bald-heads, white whiskers and oily smiles.

Weed was born in Norwalk, Conn., in 1876, but was moved to Washington by his parents at an early age and since then has continued to breathe the air of the capital. Weed was given a job as stenographer for the government when he was 22. They paid him \$1,000 a year.

He never misspelled words and seldom put letters in the wrong envelopes, and the result was that when anything had to be done right Weed did it. He was taken to Cuba in 1898, and in 1903 Postmaster Hitchcock, then chairman of the Republican committee, made him private secretary. When Hitchcock landed his present job Weed became chief clerk, and then when the postal bank was organized our hero displayed some more ability and landed on top of the pile.

Weed is so different from the bankers whose pictures are hung in chamber of commerce build-

ings and rogue galleries that many people who visited his office say: "But I want to see the manager."

He is short of stature, slender, almost fragile. Having always worked for a living, he has never put on much weight. His head hasn't increased in size since his bank became so prosperous. He continues to show intelligence, courtesy and common sense, as he always did.

All She Wanted.

"Darling!"

The young man's tones were low and impassioned as he knelt at the fair girl's feet and pleaded with her.

"I would do anything for you!" he vowed. "For you I would give up all I have in the world; for you I would journey out to the ends of the earth; for you I would even lay down life itself, and count myself honored!"

The maid cast down her eyes.

"Marmaduke," she replied, in dulcet accents, "if you would do all that for me, perhaps for my sake you would do one little thing more."

"Yes, yes," he raved, his voice thick with love; "only tell me, beloved—tell me your command and I will fulfill it, though the whole world be against me!"

The maid looked at him pretty straight.

"Then would you kindly take your left knee off my right foot?" she said calmly. "You're kneeling right on my worst corn!"—Answers.